

Handwritten: 1742, 20
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I S R A E L
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Handwritten: 21
B A B Y L O N.

Handwritten: 27
O R A T O R I O.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE ROYAL
IN THE
H A Y - M A R K E T,

The Music selected from the Works of
Mr. H A N D E L.

Sold at the T H E A T R E only.

[PRICE SIX PENCE.]

P E R S O N S .

Darius, King of Persia.

Zorobabel.

Sathiel.

Pharez.

Chorus of Israelites.



I S R A E L
I N
B A B Y L O N.

P A R T I.

C H O R U S.

TO *Israel's* God, united, raise
The tribute, song of praise;
Let ev'ry grateful voice proclaim
Jehovah's awful name.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Zorob. Well have ye done, my brethren, thus to
praise*

Our gracious God, for boundless mercies shewn

To Israel's captive race. The time is come,

For our deliv'rance from the Heathen's bonds.

The prophet Jeremiah this foretold,

Full seventy years Judeah's soil should rest,

Nor feel the plough; (type of our holy sabbath)

While

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

*While all her wretched sons in bondage groan
For their offences 'gainst God's holy law.
The great decree, that Cyrus had sent forth
Before his death, Darius has confirm'd;
And to our land we quickly shall return.
The holy temple, like the Arabian bird,
Does, from it's ashes, with new splendor rise.*

A I R.

See her awful domes ascending,
"Columns swelling, arches bending;"
Golden roofs majestic rise,
And lofty spires, that reach the skies.

A I R.

No more shall Edom's sons deride,
No more exult, with haughty pride;
Insulting o'er our sorrows say,
Come, sing us Sion's chearful lay:
Nor proud Euphrates, as he flows,
Be witness to our heart-felt woes.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pha. *The dreadful gloom of sorrow is dispers'd,
And glorious freedom with new lustre shines;
No more the servile task shall be impos'd,
By lordly tyrants, in a foreign land.*

D U E T.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON: I

3

D U E T T O.

On our paternal mead,
Our fleecy flocks shall feed;
Or climb to Carmel's shaggy side,
Or quench their thirst in Jordan's tide;
And Jordan, as he glides along,
Shall eccho back the shepherd's song.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Zorob. *The king consents to hear our triple plea,
To prove what 'tis that boasts superior strength.
But, O my friends, join not their Heathen rites,
Nor give the praises, due to God alone,
To the bright Sun, created by His word!
But, ere we go, to great Jehovah's Name,
Here, let us offer up the sacred song.*

C H O R U S.

Sing unto God, and glorify his name;
And to the vaulted skies his praise proclaim:
Let angels join the joyful sound;
And heav'n, and earth, his praise resound.

A I R.

Salat. *Cease, ah! cease your songs of joy;
To sorrow tune your lay:
With deepest sighs of woe,
Let tears of anguish flow.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Zorob. *What means my father, whence means this
sudden change?*

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Salat. *Our hopes of freedom are for ever fled.---
Our antient enemies of Calosyria,
And of Phœnicia, have together join'd;
In blackest terms that malice can invent,
Have represented us as foes to kings,
A turbulent, rebellious, restless race.
On this account, Darius has revers'd
The great decree which Cyrus made
Before his death.-----
The building of the temple now is stopp'd;
And we condemn'd in bondage still to groan.*

C H O R U S.

*Oh, wretched Israel, doom'd to know,
The dire extent of grief, and woe;
No cheering hope, alas! remains,
To free us from our galling chains.*

A I R.

*O thou Almighty pow'r,
Whom Israel's sons adore;
From thy eternal throne,
Ah! look with pity down.*

D U E T T O A N D C H O R U S.

*Let thine ear, O Lord,
Incline to hear our pray'r;
And in thy tender mercy,
Wretched Israel spare.*

RECIT

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

7

RECITATIVE.

Pha. *O had we in our great prosperity,
Attended to the dictates of God's law,
Nor fondly worship'd idols made with hands;
He would not then have giv'n us as a prey,
To unbelieving cruel enemies.*

A I R.

Humble, patient, bear the rod,
Of an high offended God;
Just his judgments, tho' severe;
Yet still his people are his care.
When our fathers cry'd distress,
By haughty Pharaoh sore oppress;
With stretch'd-out arm, and mighty hand,
He brought them forth from Egypt's land.
Patient bear th' afflicting rod,
Of an high offended God.

RECITATIVE.

Zorob. *O let us not despair; what God hath spoken
Shall be fulfill'd in all its full extent;
For weak and vain is earthly opposition
To the decree of the Most High.*

A I R.

Trust in God: his arm alone,
Can crush our potent foe;
Can raise the weak, subdue the strong,
And bring the mighty low.

8 ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

RECITATIVE.

*Sala. See, in the west the ruddy sun descends;
In steadfast hope of the Almighty's pow'r;
Here let us offer up the suppliant song,
And then attend Darius at his feast.*

CHORUS.

Rise, O God! with glory crown'd,
Triumphantly arise;
And let thy arm confound,
Our enemies,

Save, oh save us from despair,
Shew that Israel is thy care.

By thy prophets thou hast sworn,
Unto our land we shall return.

On the word of the Lord, we will firmly depend;
For his arm can alone, his select race defend.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART THE SECOND.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Salat. **I** Sing the produce of the vine,
The strength and mighty pow'r of wine.---
O ye men, how strong is wine !
Its subtle pow'r deprives us of our reason ;
And makes the wisest do fantastic things.
Have ye beheld a wretch that groans beneath
A load of care, or suffers tort'ring pain ?
Let him but drink of the inspiring juice,
His anguish ends, and ev'ry thought is joy ;
Nor more remembers sorrow, pain, or debt.
What is it prompts the merry midnight song,
Prolongs the hours, and crowns the plenteous feast ?

A I R.

'Tis mighty wine inspires us,
With ev'ry jocund pleasure ;
With joy that knows no measure,
The festive hours are crown'd.

Each flowing goblet fires us,
All gloomy care we banish ;
All palid fear will vanish,
And mirth alone abound.

B

R E C I -

10 ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*The force of wine can elevate alike,
The bond-man and the free, the poor and rich ;
The lowest subject, and the lordly ruler,
Are higher rais'd by its prevailing pow'r.*

A I R A N D C H O R U S.

"Tis gen'rous wine exalts all human things,
" Kings it makes Gods, and meaner create
 kings."

R E C I T A T I V E.

Phar. *In more majestic strains I sing,
The strength and pow'r of Persia's king.---
O ye men that bear superior rule
O'er land and sea, and all that they contain ;
Is he not strongest who commands all men ?
How fatal ! how destructive, are the frowns
Of anger'd majesty, to all his foes ;
Straight at his word his subjects rush to arms.*

A I R.

*Like the raging ocean's force,
His armies take their rapid course,
With swift destruction sweep away,
The nations who oppose his sway.*

A I R.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

II

A I R.

Applauding crowds around,
The victor's name resound,
And hail him good and great,
With fame and conquest crown'd.
While captive slaves, a num'rous train,
In anguish drag the galling chain,
And mourn their hapless fate.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

The glorious day is won :
Wake ev'ry martial sound,
Tell all the regions round,
Triumphant we return,
From sanguine fields with slaughter spread,
O'er mountains of the vanquish'd dead :
The dreadful carnage now is o'er,
Our monarch's vengeance glows no more :
Rich in honor, rich in spoils,
We come to rest from all our toils.

R E C I T A T I V E .

*He speaks ; and hostile fury curbs its rage,
The horrid din of war is heard no more.*

A I R,

Balmy Peace, at his command,
Crowns with joy the happy land ;

B 2

Commerce

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

Commerce spreads her swelling sail,
 Riches flow with ev'ry gale;
 Smiling Plenty brings her train,
 Pleasures in her presence reign.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Say, O ye men! is there a pow'r can vie
 With Persia's king; who is in all obey'd?*

C H O R U S.

Great and glorious is the king;
 From him all pow'r, all honours spring,
 Conquer'd nations own his sway,
 Distant lands his nod obey.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Zorob. 'Tis not, ye men, 'tis not the pow'r of wine,
 Nor Persia's king that rules with boundless sway;
 'Tis woman only boasts superior strength.
 By her the king, and all mankind are borne,
 And o'er them all she holds the full dominion;
 For her they toil, and ev'ry danger brave;
 To her they bring the produce of their labour,
 And wait to catch from her th' approving smile,
 While gazing throngs are fill'd with fond desires.*

A I R.

Around the fair attending
 To her submissive bending;
 Our yielding hearts confess her sway;
 All, her superior pow'r obey.

A I R.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

13

A I R.

At her feet the warriors lay
The trophies of the hard-fought day;
Soothing looks, and am'rous smiles,
The sweet reward of all their toils.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*See the fond youth, whose heart is fill'd with love,
If the coy fair rejects it with disdain,
What wild distraction! how he foams and raves!--
Nor boasting wisdom can her charms withstand,
And lordly reason is by her controul'd:
Ev'n hoary age to her will yield his treasures,
And feels new vigour in his languid veins.*

QUINTETTO and CHORUS.

When beauty's charms inviting,
To pleasures most delighting;
What transports fill the heart!
What bliss her smiles impart!
But when her charms possessing,
How great the joy, the blessing!
Despotio o'er the conquer'd soul she reigns,
And binds the willing slave in pleasing chains.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Do you allow 'tis woman's pow'rful charms,
That rule unrivall'd over all mankind?*

Or

24 ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

*Or must I bring a more convincing proof?
Is not the king most mighty and supreme?
Do not whole regions tremble at his nod?
I saw him seated on his splendid throne;
Before him all the lords of Persia bow'd:
At his right hand the fair Apame sat.*

A - I - R.

On the charmer fondly gazing,
Love, his heart resistless seizing,
Raptures fill'd the hero's breast.
To her smiles with smiles replying,
Tender sighs, repay'd with sighing,
Ev'ry care was lull'd to rest.
Ambition, glory, fame subsiding;
She the monarch thus deriding,
Took the laurel from his brow;
With beauteous pride,
The fair one cry'd;
"Tell me who's the victor now?"
On her snowy breast reclining,
Pomp and state for her resigning,
Prov'd that Love rules all below.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Say, O ye men, if such is woman's pow'r,
Is not her mighty strength unrivall'd yet?*

CHORUS.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON. 15

CHORUS.

Strong the king whom all obey,
And great the force of wine;
But stronger far is woman's sway;
To her we willing homage pay,
To her our claim resign.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

CHORUS.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.

Darius. *GIVE to Zorobabel the due reward,
The purple robe, the cup of massy gold,
The gilded chariot, and the stately bed;
Around his head the tire of linen bind,
And let the richest chain adorn his neck.*

A SOLEMN SYMPHONY.

RECITATIVE.

*Hark! in a more exalted strain
He strikes the tuneful lyre again.*

A I R.

ZOROB. Sacred truth! my song inspire,
With thy bright celestial fire;
Before thee subtle Falshood flies,
Stript of all her mean disguise.

RECI-

ISRAEL IN BABYLON. 17

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Great is the earth, and high th' azur'd Heav'n!
Bright is the sun that swiftly runs his course!
How great that Pow'r whose hand hath form'd them
all!*

A I R.

*The glorious sun, the radiant moon,
And ev'ry orb that gilds the sky;
To primal darkness shall return,
And earth and heav'n shall pass away.*

C H O R U S.

*But truth triumphant shall endure,
On adamantin rock secure.*

R E C I T A T I V E, accompany'd.

*Unnumber'd evils are produc'd by wine;
Wicked the king, and all the sons of men;
Women are false, and soon their charms will fade.
See truth more radiant than the day,
Chace Error's gloomy mists away;
And Reason in her native charms display.*

C

A I R.

18 ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

A I R.

“ Ere the orbs in Ether hung,
 “ Truth shone amid the heav’nly throng,
 “ Her eyes beheld creation’s day,
 “ Her voice began the choral lay,
 “ And taught archangels the triumphant song,

C H O R U S.

O God ’tis thou, ’tis thou art truth alone,
 All earthly pow’r must bend before thy throne.
 Blessed be the God of truth.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Darius. *Ask what thou wilt besides the gifts appointed,
 And here I vow to grant thy full request ;
 Should’st thou demand the half of my domain ;
 For thou art wisest found. By me be seated
 And henceforth call’d the cousin of Darius.*

Zorob. *O king, with thankful heart, thy lowest slave,
 Before thy throne with due submission bends ;
 Unworthy of the honors you bestow.
 Not for myself, will I your bounty tax ;
 But if I have found favour in thy sight,*

A I R.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON. 19

AIR. AND SEMI-CHORUS.

Zorob. Hear a nation's deep distress,
Israel's mighty griefs redress.

D U E T T O.

See our tears incessant flow,
Mark our dark despair and woe.

S E M I - C H O R U S.

Hear a nation's deep distress,
Israel's mighty griefs redress.

T R I O.

Holy Salem on thee calls,
Mourning her unfinish'd walls;
All her sons dejected mourn,
From their hopes of freedom torn.

C H O R U S.

Hear a nation's deep distress,
Israel's mighty griefs redress.

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

Darius. *Thy suit is granted; letters shall be wrote
To all the rulers of the provinces,
That they protect you to your native land.
I will appoint the necessary sums,
To build your temple and maintain your off'ring.
Your holy vessels shall be all restor'd;
The will of Cyrus be in full obey'd.
Be you, Zorobabel, the governor;
From tribute free remain our firm ally,
And may the God of truth direct your ways.*

A I R.

*Safely go in joy and peace;
Here your grief and woe shall cease;
None your sacred work shall spoil,
None molest your hallow'd toil.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Phar. *When we look back on all our troubles past,
The scenes of danger and the years of sorrow;
How doubly welcome is the sound of joy!
The dawn of glorious liberty appears,
Its rays expand, and throw a lustre round.*

A I R.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

21

A I R.

Long by ev'ry adverse motion,
Toft on dire affliction's ocean ;
Of raging winds and waves the sport :
Now down the tide
We smoothly glide,
And gentle winds our streamers court.
Now prosp'rous gales
Will fill our fails,
And bring us to the destin'd port.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

*Zorob. To thee, O God, do I lift up mine eyes ;
Of thee is wisdom, and of thee is victory ;
To thee, O king of Heav'n, be glory.*

A I R.

Songs of joy and chearful praise,
To our great preserver raise,
All his wondrous acts proclaim,
And magnify his holy name.

LAST CHORUS.

To Israel's guardian, father, friend,
Let grateful strains of thanks ascend
Before his awful throne ;

Where

33 ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

Where angels veil'd incessant sing,
To glorify th' Almighty King,
Th' Eternal Holy One.
Nations uniting his praise shall prolong,
And the concave of Heav'n re-echo the song;
Glory be to God alone.

HALLELUJAH.

A M E N.